

TO THE PERSON WHO PICKED UP MY NEW ROLL OF STAMPS THE ONE
MOMENT I WASN'T LOOKING

I hope you'll write a love letter
to someone who lives in a house
so quiet you only hear walnut
branches on a night the full moon

makes it too loud and light to
sleep or send dahlia bulbs to
the man who loves dahlias but got
a goose too late to guard them

from the squirrels. Send lace to
the old woman who used to trim
her sleeves with lace you can't
touch now without tearing

If you left the roll unopened
it could be a large table for ants
a foot stool for a grasshopper
stretch it out to trim a tree

It's all red for valentine's day,
or a border to cover part of
a wall. You could mail leaves
from the south to where there

aren't any. Stamp milkweed or
blow it toward Boston with a
message saying "hurry, come."
This poem cost me fifteen

dollars to write, a lot less
than most others.

CONDOM TUESDAY

for two weeks
each car seems to
be drawn toward
mine as if there
was a huge magnet
under the hood
with a field
larger than
Alaska. I took
the phone off
the hook all day
wind drifts snow
over Monday's
footprints. I
don't leave the
house. Voices
bounce off the
walls dissolve
are like a tv
program that
bounces off the
stars lands in
Sussex 12
years later

THINGS YOU CAN'T STAND ABOUT HIM

like roaches if
you see one or
two in the light
imagine the nights

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY